

# Good 790 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiralty (Submarines)



## Hello, P.O. Ray Pearson

HERE is a picture which was be one of the last to come out. Both are quite well.

And now the Japanese war is over, Ray, your wife and daughter — not forgetting "Nigger" and all the rest at No. 50—hope it will, not be long before you are back with them in England again.

Mrs. E. A. Pearson and Anitra happened to be looking out of the window. It seemed to make an ideal "Good Morning" setting, and he promptly snapped them on the spot.

And so Petty Officer Raymond Pearson, we present to you our compliments and your wife and four-and-a-half-years-old daughter.

We were sorry to hear, Ray, that your little girl's nerves have suffered through the blitz, but we hope it will soon be possible for her to have the specialist treatment she requires.

Your wife tells us that Anita is very interested in a new baby cousin which has arrived at No. 50.

Carolyn is the name, and Anita appears very anxious to claim her as a playmate. Her own big doll now has to take second place!

She took to the baby right away, and if your wife happens to pick up Carolyn to nurse her, Anita snuggles up and has to nurse her as well.

Incidentally, "Nigger" welcomed us as a friend of the family. He came purring all round our shoulders, and we could see that everyone makes a great fuss of him.

A black cat ought to bring luck—maybe "Nigger" will some day. It is evident he and Anita are great friends.

We were interested to learn that both Mrs. Pearson's mother and father are working in the Dockyard.

"We tell mother we don't know how the Dockyard would get on without her," your wife laughingly declared. "She is working in the foundry as a machinist, and will probably

# Famous Yard Chief Scorned Forty Faces

STUART MARTIN tells of a detective who never used disguise

WHEN you hear that a Scotland Yard detective "disguised" himself to get certain evidence, as one testified the other day, don't imagine all sorts of stage effects. Official detectives never used grease-paint. All that business in story-books about "detectives with the forty faces," and so on, is just fiction.

In the early days Scotland Yard had a make-up room, but they gave it up. In some cases it became a farce, and the make-up didn't last long. Just think it out for yourselves. Could any of your friends make-up so that, in daylight, the make-up did not show? Could they impose on you for more than a few minutes?

THE "disguise" of an official detective now consists in pretending to be a workman, or a "swell," or anything else; and where information is wanted it is generally obtained by a detective who is not known in the particular surroundings where he is working. I know of two detectives who have often posed as two public-house minstrels, blacked faces and banjo and bones all complete. But these two could sing anyway.

I remember, too, one young detective who was sent out to trail a criminal. Now that is an art, if it has to be kept up for days, maybe weeks. Well, this detective had his man well in hand. For a full day he trudged around London shadowing his quarry. Towards evening the suspect walked down Whitehall, and, to the astonishment of the detective, turned into the Yard.

The detective followed, stood near the inquiry office, and was further surprised when the suspect asked to see Chief Inspector Ward, giving his name. Ward came down the stairs leisurely, wondering. Said the criminal, "Mr. Ward, I've brought your youngster safely back after a walk around London. He might get lost one of these days." The youngster was Detective Woodhall.

There was one man in the Yard who never used any "disguise" at all and he rose to be Superintendent Chief of the C.I.D. He was Sir Frank Froest. I knew him well, and often talked with him in his room at the Yard.

Froest had most of the qualities that make a fine detective; and Allan Pinkerton, of Pinkerton's Detective Agency of the United States, told me that he considered Froest one of the greatest Yard men he ever worked with.

I see Froest now sitting in his chair, smiling, easy, good story-teller, well dressed, quick-witted, very genial; and strong as an athlete. It was difficult to remember that once in a brawl in the Italian quarter of Hatton Garden he went to get his man, and found him in a room with five others. There, in that room the five rose up and began to maul Froest. He did a bit of mauling himself. He held his own against the five, backed his man into a corner, fought his way out, got two policemen to take his man away—and then he walked back to Gray's Inn Road police station; and collapsed as he entered.

It was Froest who was in charge of the case in which a money-lender was shot dead in London during a hold-up by two men. One of these was an American who had got away to the States. The other was run down in Shadwell and arrested, but died when being held on remand.

From New York came the information that the second man, Guy Thompson, was located there, and would Froest come over. Froest went. He picked up his man in Jersey City, but lost him. By this

time Pinkerton's people wanted Thompson for a train robbery and two murders. It was a long chase.

It led Froest across the entire States. At Omaha, Thompson had left word to be passed to Froest that he knew Froest was on his trail and that if ever he caught him up Froest would be shot on sight.

At Denver the trail struck back east. By the time Froest got to New York, Thompson had sailed for Europe.

Froest sailed in the next boat. He heard the gunman had arrived in Paris. Froest went to Paris. But his man had gone to Berlin. Froest went to Berlin. In Berlin he discovered that Thompson had moved ahead and was travelling back to London. Froest returned to London.

Detectives in the West End located the gunman in a restaurant and telephoned the news to Froest. The latter donned a dress suit, took two men with him, walked into the restaurant and saw his man seated at a table with a beautiful woman.

Froest picked his way between the tables, his men coming from other angles. Right up to the table went Froest, and dived. His strong arms were round the gunman in a flash and locked tight. He held him while his men plucked the gun from Thompson's hip pocket.

The gunman was tried, but owing to his clever counsel and perhaps because some time had elapsed since the murder of Levy, Thompson was acquitted. But Froest didn't let him go. He had another charge ready—being in possession of a loaded revolver without a licence. Thompson got a month in prison for that and was recommended for deportation.

Meanwhile the New York police asked for the gunman's return. It was Froest who took him back to America, saw him charged with murder, and sent to the chair.

It was Froest who brought Dr. Jameson from South Africa for trial on a charge of high treason after the Jameson raid; but the most thrilling of his cases was the securing of Jabez Balfour, the greatest swindler of a generation ago.

Balfour ran, among other ventures, a gigantic swindle called the Liberator Company and defrauded the public out of millions. When the inevitable crash came he fled to the Argentine. At that time there was no Extradition Treaty between the Argentine and this country, but attempts were made diplomatically, and through the United States, to get Balfour handed over. Argentina refused. Balfour had plenty of money to see to that.

The Home Office decided to send out Froest to try his luck—diplomatically, maybe. Out sailed Froest and discovered Balfour living high in a town not far from the coast. Froest made his arrangements and walked up to Balfour one day and arrested him.

Now, Balfour had made plenty of friends. As soon as the arrest was known to them they dashed to the local Sheriff and demanded Balfour's release. They also went to the local magisterial Bench and obtained a Writ of Power. Then they rushed to the hotel where Froest and his prisoner were living. They were just too late.

Froest, too, had money to burn. He had arranged with an interpreter to charter a special locomotive and a coach for the journey to Buenos

Aires, where a British ship was lying beyond the harbour.

This special train was in a siding, with steam up, and Froest was bundling Balfour into the coach when the Sheriff and some local police appeared on horseback. The Sheriff was waving his warrant.

As they bounced into the siding the train began to draw out—the fireman and driver were well paid—and the Sheriff and his posse galloped along the track, yelling and gesticulating, until the train drew away.

Down to the coast rattled the special, and at the docks a boat was hired and out to the British ship went Froest and his prisoner. They were hardly aboard when a harbour cutter came racing out with a bunch of officials demanding the release of Balfour. They had been telegraphed by the exasperated Sheriff.

But the skipper of the British ship knew the situation. When the cutter hailed the liner the skipper addressed the rather

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Character reference? Certainly, sir. Ignore what the machine says about my weight. My character's on the other side!"

vehement officials of South America.

"Look here, gentlemen," he said, "I have seen the credentials of this English police officer of the Crown. He has arrested a fugitive offender against the Crown. I am a subject of England and it is my duty to aid in the execution of the law of my country. I am but doing my duty."

There were many cries of protest, and threats too, but the ship sailed with the prisoner; and that is how Jabez Balfour came back to London and to prison.

Old Allan Pinkerton laughed liked billy-o when I told him this inside story which I have just told to you.



Our address still is:

"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.





## Wangling Words No. 728

1. Behead to inscribe and get a ceremony.  
 2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: Thehinaupsontainoffeandoaa.  
 3. What Scottish port can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?  
 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: — we go to the theatre or one of the music —?

## Answers to Wangling

## Words—No. 727

1. G-imp.  
 2. Tom takes tea at three-thirty.  
 3. EVIL.  
 4. Shake, hakes.

## JANE



Know what You're up against! says JACK GREENALL

THE Ladybird is a pretty little beetle having constant trouble with her waist-line. She dresses in polka dots, favouring smart styles sporting black dots on a red ground, or black dots on yellow.

That'll be the day when she blossoms out in flowered cretonne!

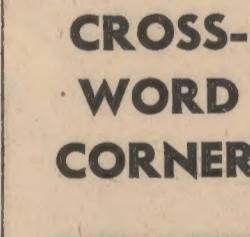
She lives on Aphides, or Green Fly, and a good job for us she does; but for her we'd be up to the neck in Aphides in no time. There's no stopping these Aphides, it's been tried.

It shook me to read the Ladybird belongs to the same family as the Bloody-nose Beetle, though socially, I believe, they don't mix. This plug-ugly when peev'd, squirts a bright red fluid from his mouth, and the joints of his legs.

He'd squirt a bright red fluid from all parts of his anatomy at once, if he peev'd me!

As soon as winter sets in the Ladybird gets well under the eiderdown and stays put till the Spring; then, up with the lark, scoffing up Aphides as though her life depended on it, as, indeed, it does.

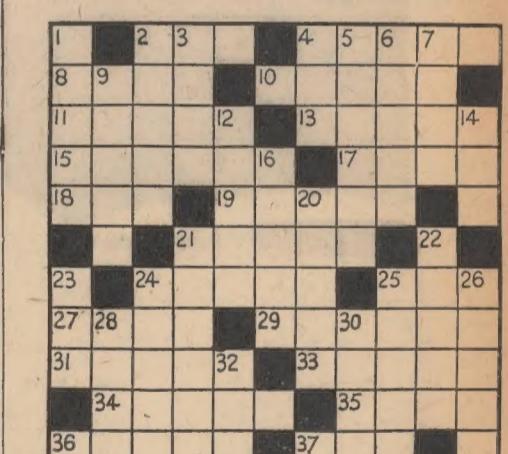
## RUGGLES



## CROSS-WORD CORNER

F	AN	STEPS	F
BOLE	AROMA	RAT	ACROBAT
ECHELONS	SKIP	Y PANE	I
INIX	DEW	NAGS	H CARE
REALITY	TOT	L	TRACTATION
ACHED	SEEM	Y ASSET	DYE

## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—2 Follow. 4 Golf club. 8 Shell-fish. 10 Tritie. 11 At a city. 13 Borrrows. 15 At one. 17 Submissive. 18 Colour. 19 Waterfily. 21 Smears. 24 Look into. 25 Play part. 27 Ice sheet. 29 Fat. 31 Orange brown. 33 Furniture item. 34 Vehicle for one. 35 Fop. 36 Leather strip. 37 Exercise room.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Take place. 2 Boy's name. 3 Leave out. 4 Cry of contempt. 5 Bitterness. 6 Passengers. 7 Run off. 9 Sheets, etc. 12 Musical instrument. 14 Hit high. 16 Uncertainty. 20 Rare pleasure. 21 Girl's name. 22 Rate. 23 Near stern. 24 Ability. 25 Book. 26 Cloth. 28 Go on. 30 Woman. 32 Bark.

room when he awakened. He leaped to his feet and went out night took a boat and rowed on deck. At the wheel was one over to that island astern, San of the crew, the sun was well Ambrosio. It was dark when he above the horizon, and the sea went.

was almost flat. Many miles astern a small, mountainous island rose out of the sea, grim and forbidding.

"We'd better 'bout ship and return for the captain."

"But, suh, they'll get you there as well as on the mainland. Blado, and the crew cast strange, suspicious glances at the passenger. He ran along to the skipper's cabin and threw open the door.

"We'll 'bout the ship," said the other grimly. "There are two reasons, bos'n, why you'll do as I say. Captain Blado will still be

The place was empty. The bunk say. Captain Blado will still be had not been slept in and the on the island when we call. He's floor-boards had been ripped up, safe enough. I know that island box. It was the box in which was a astern. Maybe it was the darkness silver bar had been stored, but of our course that made Blado bungle. That is Mas-a-Fuera, the convict island. And I couldn't hold Blado at La Serena until I searched his ship, so I came with him. You see, I am Detective Smith, of Valparaiso. I'll want you at the trial."

END.

As Smith stood gazing at the state of the room one of the crew He entered his cabin, and there, down in his bunk, with the re-volver under his pillow.

"Well?"

"I'm bos'n, suh. Cap'n Blado has gone."

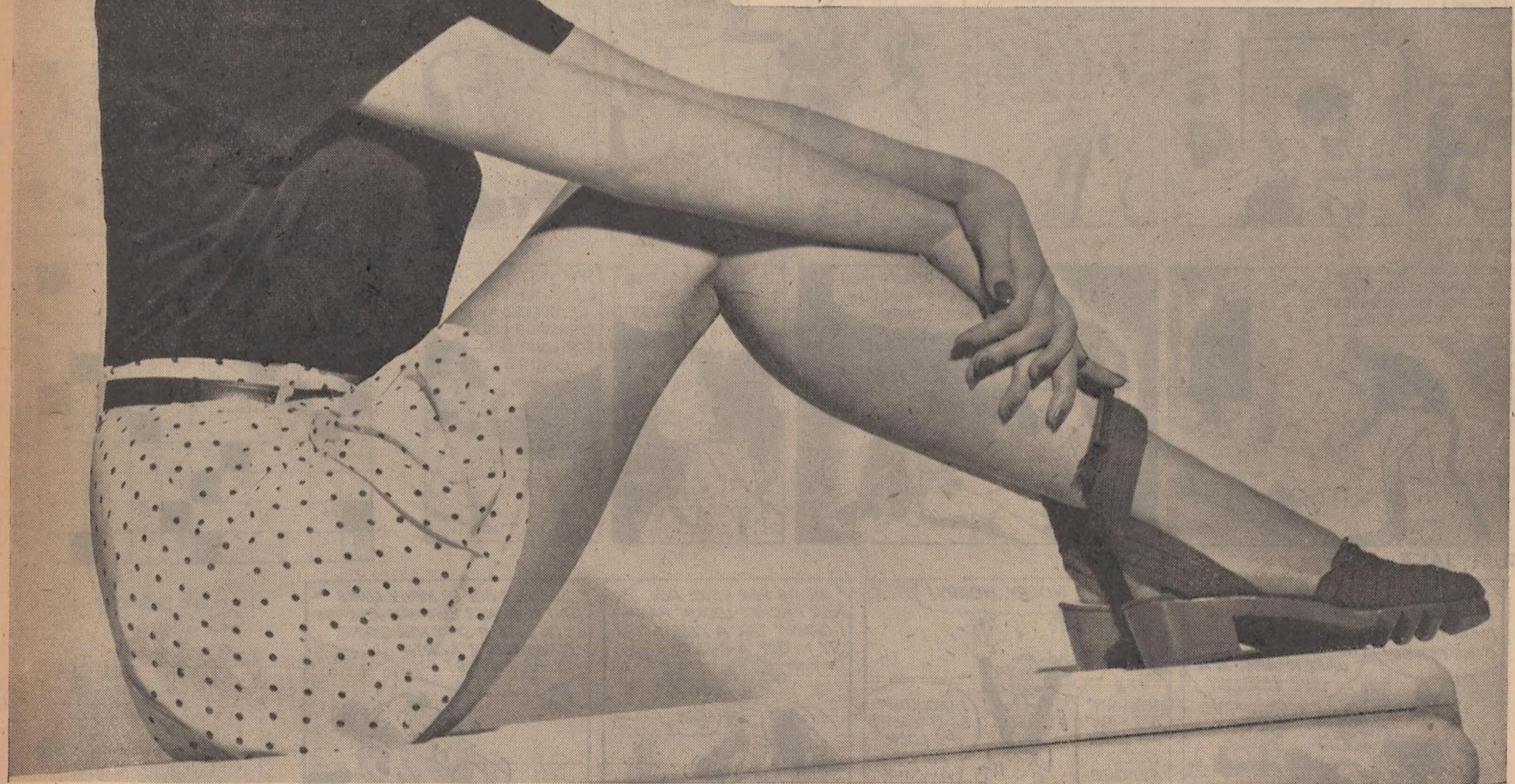
When he had finished he lay

game is finished, for the time down in his bunk, with the re-volver under his pillow.

"Gone?"

He rose and, taking the Dawn was filtering into the

Good  
Morning



LEGS UP—AND NOT MOTHER BROWN.

Teasing top-piece, dark and dangerous, is Karen Randall, Salome girl who likes night-work and play. Spotted bottom-piece waiting for what she's thinking of—not what you're thinking!—is Martha, machine-gun-action Vickers, a study in temptation.